

Broken Opportunities

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Broken Opportunities

Title: Broken Opportunities

Fandom: Red vs Blue

Characters: Dexter Grif

Prompt: #001 - Beginnings

Word Count:

Rating: G

Summary: Grif joins a newly formed squadron headed for someplace called Blood Gulch Outpost no. 1.

Author's Notes: With this story, I was really hoping to show that Sarge's feelings toward Grif are far more complicated than they appear, as all relationships are. This is probably my favorite out of all of the RvB stories I've written so far. I hope you enjoy.

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Grif shifted his weight as the lift continued to hurtle upwards. The duffle slung over his left shoulder was getting heavy. It was understandable why, though. It contained his entire damn life in it.

Green eyes flickered to the top of the door, checking to see how much further until he reached his destination. Just passing floor 103. Great. Why were there so many floors on this God-damned space station, anyways?

They had to pick a direction to spread â€" vertically or horizontally. At least this way I don't have to walk as much.

The duffle hit the floor with a loud thud. As he leaned back against the wall, Dexter shoved a hand into his pocket, fingering the pack of cigarettes that rested there. He scowled as he jerked his hand out. "I had to go and promise her that I'd try to quit," he muttered angrily to himself. His head hit the back wall with a loud thud. It didn't matter. The elevator was non-smoking.

Did they even make smoking elevators? Ones that weren't smoking because they'd just exploded?

Floor 167. Only 192 left.

Grif maintained his spot against the wall, his eyes blank as he ignored the occasional pause as the elevator stopped to let various personnel on and off. It didn't really matter, after all. One year in the army. Five different units. Denied the automatic promotion to E-2 rank for sixth months.

And now? He was nineteen years old and stuck in an elevator on some space station on his way to his sixth unit as an E-2 Private. Well, at least they couldn't call him 'rookie' anymore.

Technically, no one can be a rookie after one year. I guess I'd be in the clear either way.

Floor 243. 116 left.

Of course, this could be the unit that finally worked for him. Maybe this CO wouldn't have heard about how he'd been "encouraged" (ie, forced) to enlist in the Red Army. Perhaps he would finally find a group of people that didn't start hating him the moment they saw his name.

And pigs could fly too. They were doing amazing things with genetic engineering these days.

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"Do you know anything about our new squad member, Sarge?" Simmons asked his superior in a curious voice.

"He's a bit of a troublemaker," the staff sergeant replied. "But we shouldn't have any trouble with him. Probably just needs a bit of discipline."

"You'd be the right person for that," Simmons agreed with a grin.

"We'll see," Sarge cautioned. "Now go ahead and stow your gear. We'll be shipping out soon and someone needs to double-check the armor."

"Right away, sir."

Sarge watched the young private hurry away, the barest hints of a limp marring his smooth gait. It had only been a few months since the

mess on Sidewinder and Private Richard "Dick" Simmons was still have trouble adjusting. Sarge turned back to the window he'd been looking out of when Simmons had walked up. He hoped the new private would work out. Dick needed the company.

A slight frown suddenly crossed his scared face and a finger brushed a jacket pocket. His orders concerning Private Dexter Grif were ratherâ€|strange. Officially, his orders were to either shape up this recalcitrant soldier or get him out of the army. But unofficiallyâ€|the head of personnel's secretary had told him that the Army was tired of Grif. They wanted him broken and out of the Army.

The Red officer snorted to himself. He would decide how he'd treat Private Grif after meeting him and taking his measure. No paper pushing, over-glorified _clerk_ was going to tell _him_ what to do.

"Excuse me, Sergeant Clancy?"

Turning away from the window, Sarge found himself looking at a young naval communications officer.

"Sir, you have priority one message from Earth," the officer said in a nervous voice as he extended a slender notepad.

"Then I'd better read it now," Sarge replied as he took the notepad. The screen lit up when he touched it and the officer quickly opened the message and began to scan its contents.

The com officer swallowed nervously. "Is everything alright, sir?" he asked as he watched a tick begin to jerk on the sergeant's face.

"Everything's fine," Sarge replied in a flat voice. He gave the officer a cold look, deleted the message and handed the notepad back to him. "I suggest you return to your duties."

"Uh, yes sir," the officer replied before scurrying away.

Sarge turned back to the window, clasping his hands behind his back while battling the silent grief and rage that now filled him.

A few minutes later, the door to the observation room opened once more. Grif stepped in, gnawing on his bottom lip nervously as he walked up to his new superior officer.

"Private De-"

"Don't you remember how to salute, Private?" Sarge snapped, not turning around.

Grif pressed his lips together and dropped his duffle. Raising his hand to his brow, he snapped into a parade ground perfect salute.

"Private Dexter Grif, reporting in, _sir_," he snapped. He'd been an idiot to think that this unit could be different.

Sarge continued to stare out the window, forcing Grif to hold his

position for several long minutes. Finally, his new CO turned around.

Sarge studied his new private. Green eyes were focused on him, glittering with hidden emotion. He had messy brown hair and a uniform that didn't sit quite right on his sturdy frame. And in his stance, the sergeant could perceive a sense of cockiness, pride and burning determination. Just likeâ€|

Finally, Sarge returned the salute. "I suggest you get stowed away, Private. The shuttle leaves in a few minutes and you still need to check on the armor. Now get moving!"

"Yes, sir," Grif growled. Dropping his salute, he scooped up his duffle and stormed out of the room. This unit wasn't going to be any different from the others. He needed to stop hoping for a decent unit. It was clear they didn't exist.

Sarge watched the door glide shut, taking his wayward new private with him. Turning back around, he stared out the window. Slowly, the stars began to shift as the shuttle took off. But all Sarge could think about was the message.

_To: Sergeant Reginald Clancy, commanding Blood Gulch Outpost no.
1_

March 15, 2497

We regret to inform you that your son, Eric Clancy, has been killed in a car accident. We believe a combination of alcohol and drugs on the part of your son and his companions contributed to the accident.

You may be assured that all matters regarding his funeral will be taken care of at the Red Army's expense. You have our condolences for your loss.

Red Command

Dept. of Personnel

Maj. Kimo Pohaku

Staring out at the stars now rushing past, Sergeant Clancy let his mind drift once more to his new private. He carried himself like Eric. They didn't look a thing alike, and yetâ€|there was something there. And Grif was alive, while his sonâ€|wasn't.

Dexter Grif.

He hated him already.

End
file.